Smoke Drifts at Shift Change

Ian McMillan

\[ \text{\textit{misterioso}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{simile, con ped.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{shift change, shift change}} \]
no-one can see it as they run for the bus or walk to their cars

Their old cars

Flames,
lick the shit walls that no-body built with love or

simile, con ped.

skill: they just chucked them up.

chucked them up. chucked them up. I like the spikes of

chucked them up. chucked them up.
yellow like arrows in the matt black sky

or trees in' o-ven too long far, far too long

I love that shud der-in'
time when the fire grips the room, the fire, the fire grips the

room and won't let go.

a piacere

molto rit.

dim.

spoken parlando sf

won't let go. Learn to burn, you awful place
no-body will help you when you're cry-in'

When the flames lick the shit walls, When the smoke drifts at

piano: don't feel the waltz yet - flame sounds using these sets at these octaves

shift change, when the fire lifts the heat high, strip lights are
dancin' dancin' and the whole place starts melting,

melting melting

And no-one will see me
when I get on the bus and sit behind the news that will soon be
me and the whole world starts
simile, con ped.
melting